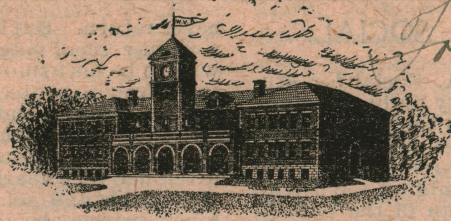


The



Refert

VOL. 1.

KEYSER, W. VA., JANUARY 17, 1906.

No. 3

We wish to apologize to our readers for the delay in getting out this issue of "The Refert." Owing to the fact that we changed our place of printing from the Mountain Echo office to that of the KEYSER TRIBUNE, we were unable to get the paper printed sooner.

THE ZEKIAD.

One evening Zeke had finished all his chores;
The sun had sunk behind the wooded hills
And day was swiftly fading into night.
As he walked from the barn-yard to the house
His mind was filled with thoughts of what he'd do
In future years when he should be a man.
He had fond dreams of school life in the town
Where he should win distinction without doubt,
And some time be a clever business man;
Or better still, a politician shrewd.
He'd like to be a Congressman of note,
And finally reach the Presidential chair.
But now he had approached the kitchen door
Through which the odor of the evening meal
Bore down upon him in a mighty wave
And swept away all thoughts of nobler things.
Then to the well he ran in breathless haste
And low'ered the bucket by the heavy rope
To bring up water for the washing trough.
With soapy hands he washed his sun burned face
Until it gleamed with hardy rustic health.
The farm-bell rang the joyous sound to Zeke
And all the hands, that supper was prepared.
Then back he went to take his usual place
With all the rest around the table long,
While they were gaily talking o'er the meal
A rap was heard upon the outer door
And Zeke reluctantly arose to see
Who had disturbed him from his pleasant meal.
A gentleman it was who asked if he
Might there find lodging for the coming night.
The stranger was admitted to the room
Where he was asked to join them in the meal.
The supper ended, and the man was shown
Into the parlor. And Zeke hurried out
To put away his horse and feed it well.
When he returned he found the man to be
One of the teachers from the Keyser Prep.
Who at the time was travelling for the school
Soliciting students for the coming year.
Zeke's father who had had good crops that year
Was soon intensely drawn by his talk
And after some persuasion from the man
Decided he would send his son to school.
From that time on until the longed for day
When he should pack his trunk and start to school
Zeke dwelt in untold happiness and joy.

At last the happy day arrived, and Zeke
Packed up his things and said farewell to home.
His father drove him to the little town
From where a train would take him to the school,
And as the rumbling train rolled into town
His nerve gave way for he had never seen
A train before in all his simple life.
With trembling limbs he stepped upon the train,
Which swiftly started forth upon its way.
With wondering eyes Zeke looked about the coach
And eagerly he peered at every face
To see if an acquaintance he could find,
But not a face in all the crowd he knew
And he began to wish that he were home.
The farther on he went the more his thoughts
Began to turn to mother, home, and friends.
To add more still to miseries galore
A feeling strange began to rise within,
That felt just like the time when once before
He ate green apples on the old rail fence,
And gave them up again to mother earth.
At last he heard the name of Keyser called,
And joined the people who were getting off.
A crowd of boys and girls were at the train
With ribbons pink and green pinned to their coats:
As soon as he stepped off the train they grasped
His hand and spoke with words of welcome kind.

(To be continued)

The students of the music department gave a recital in the auditorium Tuesday night, January 23, to which the students of the school and friends of the music students were invited. The program was well rendered and was very much enjoyed by the audience.

The weather was very disagreeable for the opening of school Jan. 3, it being very cold and rainy all day. To add to the inconvenience the building was without heat, except that furnished by several oil stoves in the office. While the workmen were putting up the new smoke stack to the boiler room the day before, it fell when it was almost in place and flattened out at one end. School was suspended until Friday on this account.

Prof. W. M. Baumgartner, one of our former instructors and now of the University, delighted his many friends by a visit of several days within the holidays. He was the guest of Mrs. J. H. Markwood.

We were glad to be able to use one flight of the new steps to the school path at the opening of this term, and the moderateness of the weather has permitted work on the other steps to continue.

Y. M. AND Y. W. C. A. SOCIAL.

The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Social for students and faculty was held Friday night, January 19, 1906. The social took place in the Davis Literary Hall directly after the societies were dismissed.

Nellie Johnson and Fred Koelz rendered a piano duet while the crowd was assembling. When all were seated Fred Koelz, chairman of the Y. M. C. A. Social committee, announced that a story had been prepared minus the adjectives before each person's name. He then called on the guests in turn to supply the adjectives, which were filled into the blanks left for them. After this was finished Sadie Friend read the story aloud, "The Court of King Haught." It was written in the style of a fairy tale dealing with brave knights and fair ladies. The King of Prepdom was Prof. Haught, the principal of the school, and the ladies in the faculty were his two beautiful daughters. The rest of the faculty and the students were knights and ladies of his courts and his subjects. The adjectives given made the story odd and amusing and in some places were singularly appropriate, making the story highly enjoyed by all. After this feature the company entered into the games "Silent Quaker" and "Camp." At a little after ten o'clock the waitresses, ten young ladies of the school, gathered their designated persons and seated them in the circles, which had been arranged for each waitress, and served ice cream and lady fingers. At eleven o'clock all departed for their homes, reporting an enjoyable evening.

The following is the story as it was read by Miss Friend after the missing adjectives had been supplied by the students and placed in the story in the order that they were given:

COURT OF KING HAUGHT.

Once upon a time there was a *haughty beautiful* king of Prepdom, named Haught. He lived in a great brick castle on the top of Fort Hill. Now this king had two very beautiful daughters named Ida and Fanny. Ida, the younger, was *lovely and slow*. These daughters were the most beautiful ladies in the kingdom, and had nothing to do but receive the attentions of the many knights who came to woo them. The king did not know to whom he should give his daughters in marriage and was very much worried. So he called the wise men of the court together, the *pretty sour* Anderson, the *sure green* Ravenscraft, and the *sweet deceitful* Boyd, to consult with them. Now it happened that the king was very much troubled by a two-headed dragon, which was known as the Literary Societies, and which was killing off a great many of his subjects. So he was advised to offer his younger and fairer daughter in marriage to the knight who should kill the dragon. When the king sent out this decree far and wide into his kingdom, the knights and suitors from all over Prepdom mounted their fiery steeds to go in search of the dreaded monster. But most of the gallant youths met their fate at the jaws of the fierce dragon. Among those who entered into the contest were the *tall slim* Sir Knight Horn and *ugly fat* Sir Knight Sheetz, and Sir Knight Grubb, who was *handsome and awkward*.

Now the favorite knight of Lady Ida was Sir Horn. Before he went to face the fierce dragon he went to see her and to bid her farewell in case he should

never return. But before they parted she gave him a *slender small* magic dwarf named Horace, who was to be his armor bearer. This little dwarf had the power to protect his life and thus enable him to kill the dragon and win his bride. Now the princess Ida had a *wise broad* maid named Laura, whom she loved very dearly and Sir Knight Grubb also loved her very dearly. But Sir Knight Grubb was very fickle and when he saw a chance to win the lovely princess he abandoned his other love and entered the contest for the king's daughter. When Laura heard that he was going she told him of the magic dwarf that her mistress had given to Sir Horn, and so Sir Grubb followed Sir Horn to the cave of the dragon. When the dragon appeared Sir Horn charged and after dealing several deadly blows the dragon fell dead at his feet. Throughout the battle Sir Grubb kept behind the magic dwarf and saved his own life. The victorious knight cut off the two heads and returned to the castle with his trophies to claim his bride. When Sir Horn reached the castle, the king received him with great favor and at once began elaborate preparations for the royal nuptials. The first in order was the grand ball on the evening before the wedding. The ball room was decorated with wall flowers, among whom the greenest were *new fat* Lady Inez, *yellow red* Lord Perry, *lean lank* Prince Lauck, *kind slick* Lady Nellie, Countesses *cross-eyed charming* Wilson, *dark talkative* Burnap, Duchesses *great stuck-up* Catherine and *proud attractive* Lola, *ambitious witty* Count Arnold and *honest industrious* Prince Hott. The ball went on in regal splendor. Knight Horn and Princess Ida led the dances and won the admiration of all by their handsome appearance. The dancers kept on until they fell to the floor exhausted late the next morning. The next day the tables were spread on the castle grounds for the wedding feast. All the kingdom was invited and the feast lasted all day. Among the refreshments were ice cream in school colors, bananas in strips, two grapes, half a pickle each. During the feast the musicians furnished music. They were *short, smart* Dunham *eloquent fastidious* Corder, *Felton cute and tiny*, and *sarcastic* White. After the feast was over King Haught ordered in the dancing girls. *Flighty crazy* Helen Babb, and *horrid graceful* Edna Hampstead came in with their tambourines, while *good amiable* Helen Taylor and *becoming, sad* Bessie Dawson, *redheaded, silly* Essie Shobe and *Lena Crabtree, fast and timid*, entered with cymbals. They danced around the tables playing their instruments, their filmy costumes floating in the air. The wedding ceremony was in the Chapel, Father Cunningham officiating. The bride looked beautiful in a dress of red *Peu de Sois* and the groom shone with his rubber linen. Laura, the maid of honor, looked charming in lavender cream de menthe. The bride entered leaning upon her father's arm and was followed by the bride's maids, who were *bashful, happy* May Winning, *sweet, sleepy* Daisy Godlove, *Victoria Jennings, funny and bright*, and *Laura Crooks agreeable and pleasant*. The groom and the best man, Sir Grubb, were waiting at the altar. The ushers were *baldheaded* insignificant Sir McDowell, *crooked, poky* Sir Pifer, *Prince Shobe and Prince Lowry, diligent and late*. The ring bearer was little child Spicer, *clubfooted and pug-nosed*, who looked very cute in a white suit with red trimmings and a green necktie. During the ceremony Sanders, the *excruciating, cross* court jester, furnished diversions by turning somersaults, hand-springs, and doing

many other stunts so that the maids of Prepdom wondered how he could be so jolly, when he had been treating them so coldly, not even having a pleasant smile for them; and one who had been designated as "Dad's Girl," was heard to say, "Boo hoo, Sanders don't love me any more." If it had not been for the catastrophe that happened to mar the pleasure this would have been one of the most successful functions that ever took place.

This is what happened: The chefs, *honorable-pretentious* Emily and *confused-unweildy* Miller, instead of using an ox tail to make the soup, got hold of the tail of the dragon which Sir Knight Grubb had cut off and brought to the castle so as to gain favor in the eyes of the maid, Laura, and instead of putting in the prepared sauce they got hold of some of King Haught's demerits, which gave it a very bitter flavor and made it indigestible.

Now this of itself would have been enough to spoil the evening as well as the soup. But the waiters, *barefooted, tricky* Epley and *owl-eyed* irresistible Burke, who should have been waiting on the guests, were under one of the wall flowers, Prince Hott, making faces, or rather puckering their mouths, as if they had been eating green persimmons. The result of their neglect was disastrous to *incomprehensible, hungry* Count Ritchie, who got a Ham'stead of the soup, also to Billy, the Pet of the family, who stood on his head in a plate of candy. And now when it was very late and every one was tired out, King Haught rose on his throne and said that it was almost 7:30 P. M. and that every one should be in his room. So off they all trudged homeward. But when the rest of the company were all gone Princess Fannie was no where to be found. King Haught quickly sent out his favorite court detective, the *energetic aristocratic* Clark in search of her. He soon found her under the Knabe tree talking to Sir Corder. They said they were only talking about the great musicale but the King scolded them severely and punished Princess Fannie by sending her into the castle to teach the *thrifty, instructive* baby White and the *patient, selfish* child Andy. He punished Sir Corder by giving him fifteen demerits for violating the study hour rule. The next day Sir Horn and his beautiful bride started off on the "Gym horse" for their handsome castle, the furnace room. Doubtless they would have lost their way through the thick forest of Prep Hill had they not followed the nose of Squire Koelz, their guide.

But after a long journey they arrived at their new home, where they were received by their *solemn, dusky* butler, Burt. And they lived happily ever after.

THE END.

The W. S. G Junior Class of last year had a gathering at Keyser the week after Christmas but not all the class were able to attend. Chas. Ritchie of Macksville, W. Va., and James Morris, of Cassville, W. Va., spent the vacation at their homes and Homer Hott was unexpectedly called out of town after Christmas. Anna Dilgard, of Gormaniana, W. Va., was kept away by other matters—the class has its suspicions. But those who attended had a very pleasant time at being together again and planned at the end to meet again next Xmas. Lulu

Smith, of South Branch, W. Va., and Vincent Baumgartner, of Morgantown, W. Va., were the visiting members. The first amusement was a "Yankee Musicale" at the home of Fred Koelz on Main St., Wednesday Dec. 27, 1905. Besides the members, Prof. Baumgartner, a friend of the class, was present. Laura Lauck entertained the class next on Friday night at her home on Main St. On Saturday night the class assembled at "Heartease" the pleasant home of Pearl Compton in Reynold's Addition. According to the custom of the class all the other members presented Pearl with birthday presents, not exceeding the price of ten cents, her birthday being on Sunday, Dec. 31. She received the following interesting gifts: A revolving doll on a stick; a glass lantern full of candy; a brooch; a horn in the shape of a tin mandolin; and a silk handkerchief. The class held a watch meeting at the home of Laura Lauck on Sunday night. The last party was given by Nell Johnson at her home on Centre St. It was with no little regret that the classmates and friends parted at the end of vacation but the minds of those in attendance will long be filled with pleasant memories of the occasion.

Boys, do you ever think of the Y. M. C. A.? Do you know that the meetings have become very small and somewhat dull? Every Friday night sees only a few, a mere handful of boys in attendance. The interest has lagged shamefully since the beginning of school. Once the meeting had to be actually put off, for there were only—well, it would be almost disgraceful to tell the exact number present. One Friday night while the meeting was in progress, the steps in the corridor were filled with boys for three or four steps up, while others stood about in the hall, all apparently doing nothing. Every one of these boys could and should have been up in the Y. M. C. A. meeting where they all would have been welcome and could have made their time profitable; in fact, the greater part of the number were members of the Association. We all know that an important part of school life is the good influence that is cast about the student. That influence is here and is plenty—we have both a Young Men's and a Young Women's Christian Association and also a Bible Study Class. But it seems that the boys keep out of the way of the influence.

The Y. M. C. A. meets every Friday night at 6:45 and the Bible class meets every Monday at 3:30. Any one is perfectly welcome to either of these meetings and much good can be got from them. Boys, make it your aim to be at the next meeting of the Association. You are wanted; you are needed. And on the other hand, you need the good that can be derived from it.

THE REFERT.

Published by

The Literary Societies of the Keyser Preparatory School.

—PRINTED BY THE KEYSER TRIBUNE—

Issued on the Third Wednesday in Each School Month.

Literary Editors—Chas. Ritchie, Fred Koelz.

Business Managers—Joe Grubb, Homer Hott.

SUBSCRIPTION, 25 CENTS A SCHOOL YEAR.

Application that this paper be entered as second class matter was made Jan. 20, 1906.

The Y. W. C. A. held its first meeting Friday night, Jan. 5.

Vincent Baumgartner visited Fred Koelz during the Xmas vacation.

Homer Hott was out of town on business the week after Christmas.

Our janitor, Burt Rolls, was in his old place at the opening of school, after his illness.

Lulu Smith, one of last year's students, was the guest of Laura Lauck during Xmas week.

Mr. Will Barrickman, one of last year's students is back again this term to take up commercial work.

Homer Hott attended to the enrollment of the commercial students during the illness of Prof. Miller.

The gymnasium dressing-rooms have been supplied with lockers, which are a great convenience to the "gym."

Prof. Anderson and mother have rented the home of Mrs. Richardson on Church St. and are keeping house for the winter.

Mr. Geo. Boyd, Guy Cunningham and Orland Dunham, all "Prep." students last year are back again this term.

Miss Pearl Compton, one of the '05 graduates, reopened her school at Reese's Mills Tuesday Jan. 2, after spending the holidays at home.

The University students from here and Prof. W. M. Baumgartner and brother, Vincent, left Jan. 2 for Morgantown to take up their work again.

Prof. Miller received an odd Christmas gift. He awoke Christmas morning with a case of mumps and was confined to his room during the holidays.

Mr. D. S. Cunningham, of Job, W. Va., was in town this week to see his sons, Warner and Guy, who are attending school here.

Adam Dahmer, a former student of Prep., is with us again, and is now resuming his studies in the Commercial Department. We are especially glad to welcome back to the school such ambitious and energetic students as Mr. Dahmer.

The Librarian and Prof. Haught are busy cataloging the books in the library. This is quite a large job but when finished it will be a great help to the students. By the aid of the catalogue any book or any topic in any book in the library may be easily found.

The Senior and Junior Classes held a joint meeting in Prof. Haught's class room, Friday, Jan. 19 at 3:30. The object of the meeting was to discuss getting up a school annual for this year. The plan was adopted and the chairman appointed the following committees: Business Com.; Com. on Soliciting Sales; Advertisement Com.; and Com. on Pictures and Articles. An Annual will be a great help to the school, and to aid the movement, we urge all who are asked to respond liberally.

Prof. Haught's class in Public Speaking met in his recitation room Wednesday evening, Jan. 17, with an enrollment of six members. Prof. Haught realized the need the school had of instruction in this branch and graciously took it upon himself to organize and instruct a class of this kind. If enough interest is manifested in this line of work by the student body, it is probable that a regular department of elocution will be added to the school in the near future. The following students are enrolled as members of the class: Homer Hott, Herbert White, Chester Clarke, Joe Grubb, Warner Cunningham, and Charles Ritchie.

The Happy-Go-Lucky Student.

"Where ignorance is bliss,

'Tis folly to be wise."

So let me take life easy,

No matter how time flies.

And then just so my "dough" holds out,

And I've a place to loaf,

And I can dodge the Profs. at night—

I'm satisfied enough.

DUTCHY.

"PREPS"—24. A. C. H. S.—12.

The "Prep" boys played their first basket-ball game of this season on Saturday night, Jan. 13, 1906 in the "Prep" gymnasium, against the Allegheny county High School of Cumberland, Md., and won by the score 24 to 12. The game was called at 8 P. M. and was very exciting and interesting from start to finish. The game was characterized by fast playing by both teams. There was not very much team work by either team. Although this was the first game this year for the "Preps," they played very consistently, stuck together and each one watched his man.

Before coming to Keyser, the High School team had won two successful games, but they found the wrong team when they came here.

During the second half, several of the High School boys were "knocked out," but after resting awhile and getting their wind they were all right.

We do not have the High School line-up.

The following is the "Prep" line-up:

George Boyd.....	Center
Chas. Arnold.....	Left Guard
W. A. Barrickman.....	Right Guard
Clyde McDowell.....	Left Forward
Joe Spicer.....	Right Forward
Ernest Pifer and Horace Menefee.....	Subs.
Roy Mulledy.....	Referee
Prof. Hill.....	Umpire
Prof. Bailey and Herbert White.....	Timekeepers
Time of halves 20 minutes.	
Goals from field, McDowell 2, Boyd 6, Spicer 3.	
Goals from fouls, McDowell 2.	

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T. W. HAUGHT, Keyser, W. Va.

"Das Lied der Glocke."

HANS NARR

High in my tower above the world
Where none but the birds intrude,
I, the town-clock, keep my daily watch
Alone in my solitude.

When the days are drear and on lonely nights,
As the hours in turn come and go,
I think, as I tick, in my silent way
Of the things that go on far below.

I have struck eight and half; they are coming to
school.

What a strange lot of people there are in this earth!
There's one who unusually odd seems to be.

I'll watch him; and now for a time of good mirth.

He has just reached the top of the steep icy steps.

In an overcoat long tightly bundled is he;
His cap o'er his forehead is pulled down quite low,
And encasing his neck a white muffler I see.

I wonder, why doesn't he hold up his head?

He seems to be thinking as slowly he steps.
His shoulders are stooped as if bearing some weight,
And he's more dignified than the rest of the
"Preps."

No doubt, he's the head of this body of folks,

For so worried a look I have ne'er seen before —
But now I must stop speculating on him,
For he's passed out of sight through the wide entrance door.

There's another man just at the foot of the hill,
But he's very much smaller than the other one.
He wears a short overcoat and a stiff hat,
And steps very much as though he wants to run.

Quite black is his visage, he must not have washed,
Though he seems old enough to attend to such things.

Now he's met a young lady whose voice is quite loud,
And sounds like the leader in chapel who sings.

He must be another professor in school.

But he looks quite sarcastic—I'll bet he's a case
When he teaches a class, and his voice is not soft.
But now I must stop, for gone too is his face.

And now I must pause in my critical thoughts
To toll out the ominous hour of nine,
Which calls all the students to classes and work.
Perhaps later on I'll proceed down the line.

COURTESY AT HOME.

Courtesy is that delicate attention to the feelings of others, that leads us to avoid any act or deed, that can cause them pain or inconvenience; to give to others the kindly care that will add in every way to their comfort and happiness, and keep all around us in a state of pleasant feeling. The foundation of courtesy is unselfishness and desire to please. It is the means by which we gain and maintain our friends. Those who are thrown in our company will trust us only when they can see that we appreciate their kindness and that we are worthy of their confidence. How then can we prove these characteristics more satisfactorily than by courteous behavior in our acknowledgement of their confidence? Where can its influence be more appreciated and more lasting than at home? Who can so well appreciate the pleasures of courtesy as those with whom we are in daily intercourse?

If we, at all times, act in a courteous and polite manner when at home, it will be natural for us to do so when away from home. Consider the charm that would be diffused in our homes, if all members make a rule to observe all the kindly courtesies of life, making the same effort to be as agreeable to one another, as they would feel bound to make in a social circle of friends or acquaintances. Many persons who are the very models of politeness in company, at home are peevish, rude and tyrannical, keeping the atmosphere that should be most serene, clouded and dull; changing the countenance that beams in the outside world, gloomy and cheerless, when in the presence of their own home circle; giving abroad smiles and courtesies, and carrying gloom and rudeness home to greet those, who are dearest to them.

It is not enough to refrain from actual unkindness and harsh manners. Real kindness and cheerfulness must be in all our acts to make our homes what they should be—the brightest spots on earth. Courtesy may be strictly followed by a close observance of the Golden Rule "Whatsoever ye would have that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." If every member of the family would act from this principle, he would lessen the tendency for a son to be a drunkard and to go to the saloons and spend his evenings, while if home were more pleasant he would stay there instead. Many a boy has deserted his home and become ruined by the neglect of courtesy and good treatment. Courtesy at Home is the true inborn politeness that makes a child honor and obey its parents at all times, whether alone or in the presence of company. A young man, who is polite to his parents and sisters, and whose heart is above selfishness, is always found in an elevated place in society. There is nothing in life that so wins favor for one's self in the estimation of others, as a due regard for the rights of each individual. If we want to have privileges granted us, we must in turn, grant to others. Happy is the home, where selfishness is not allowed to enter, where gentle forbearing courtesy is the rule of all, where the happiness of all is the consideration of each one.

H. M. B. '07.

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WEBER'S FLOWERS.

Inventors and Inventions.

What wonderful minds it must have required to plan and complete the numerous and seemingly impossible inventions of this age. And what trials and disappointments the inventors must have undergone; for the great inventions were not perfected on first trial, but are the products of years of study and many experiments and failures.

Day after day the great inventors toiled in their shops, hardly stopping long enough to take necessary food and sleep. So absorbed with their work would they often become, that their domestic affairs would be entirely forgotten and their families would actually suffer for the necessities of life.

On account of their close application to the study of their inventions, many inventors gained a reputation for absent-mindedness. It is said that on the morning of Edison's wedding, he went into his workshop for some article he had forgotten and while there, he became absorbed in thinking about the invention on which he had been working for a long time, and actually forgot that he was to be married within half an hour. (Of course he was sent for before the ceremony was performed.) Although he was very absent-minded and awkward in company, his wife could well feel proud of him; for his wonderful inventions have placed him first among the great inventors of America. The Germans say he is the only great man America has ever produced. However, we cannot agree with our German friends on that.

The influence inventions have had on the course of human events cannot be over-estimated. Had it not been for Fulton's inventing the steamboat, commerce would yet be in its infancy. Were it not for the steam locomotives, it is probable that our great nation would not exist as it does to day. Were it not for the electric telegraph, railroading would be next to impossible. Wonderful as Morse's electric telegraph seems to us, yet it is surpassed by something more wonderful still, that is, Marconi's wireless telegraphy. What may be accomplished by this great invention is impossible to predict. In the course of a few years we may have wireless telephones or some more wonderful invention. Then if we wish to talk to John Smith or some absent friend, we can simply step outside our door and say, "Hello John, where are you?"

"Here I am, taking a little trip around the North Pole in my flying machine," would probably come back to us.

Nothing is impossible in the line of inventions.

"JOE FARMER."

**J. G. KOELZ,
BAKER.**



Fine Line Lowney's and Apollo
Chocolates and Bonbons.

Some Late Publications.

"The Science of Making Fudge".

By Hattie Wilson.

"How to Organize a Stone Militia".

By Warner Cunningham. (Mr. Cunningham is an ex-member of the famous, "Job Stone Militia".)

"How to Make Old People Look Young."

By Mrs. Menefee.

"The Art of Selling Stereoscopes and Stereoscope Views."

By "Shorty" Hott.

"What I Know About Latin".

By Joe Grubb.

(This is but a small pamphlet and the author will send it free to any one who wishes it.)

"How to Make (telephone) Calls."

By Lonnie Thompson.

O! cut my trousers both long and wide;
And place a pocket on either side;
And pad my coat as much as you can;
For I'm a typical college man.

Who said that Helen went to the train three times to meet L—.

Why did Bill sigh when the train left Morgantown?

Lost—A 150 lb. box of Lowney's. Finder will please return same to Helen M. Babb.

The following is an extract from a letter, which Mrs. G— of P— wrote to the Bureau of Information of "The Refert," and we think perhaps one of our girls can give a satisfactory answer:

"Can you tell me what is wrong with my son? I am very much worried over his health and especially over the condition of his mind. He acts very queerly at times, more frequently in his sleep than when awake. For example: One night I was waked by sounds coming from his room. I hastened over and found him sitting up in bed with his eyes fast shut. He was ardently hugging a pillow and murmuring, 'Um-m-m Laura!'"

A. W. COFFROTH,

Fine Clothing for Men.

Furnishings, Trunks, Hats, Caps, Shoes.

MERCHANT TAILORING.